

Press-Herald

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Reagan for Governor

California, the first state in the nation by most measurements — good and bad — is ready, we believe, for a state administration to match its position in national affairs.

A state that is looked up to by most of the citizens of the nation, it deserves to have an administration which can command and receive the confidence it deserves as the nation's top state.

We think such an administration can be assured with the election of Ronald Reagan as governor.

Several things attract us to Mr. Reagan. He obviously is his own man and has proved over the years that he is not the tool of any group. While he has been painted by his opponents as nothing more than a glib actor, Mr. Reagan's qualifications go far beyond such a label. His work as a six-term president of the Screen Actors Guild, during which he led the fight against an attempted communist takeover in Hollywood speaks louder than his critics dare admit about his abilities as a leader.

Despite a campaign of vilification which has been mounted on a national scale against him, Mr. Reagan has insisted on talking about the issues facing California. He has talked about the cost of state government, the rising crime rate in California, health, about the nature of judicial appointments, government by crony, nepotism, welfare, health, and taxes.

Those opposing him have preferred to engage in double talk about extremism on the right (carefully avoiding extremism on the left — from whence much of the talk originates).

Those opposed to him have felt it necessary to import the glamour boys from the east, hoping that some of their charm might rub off on the incumbent governor, once described by Time Magazine as a "tower of jelly."

The election of Mr. Reagan would, in our opinion, give Californians the measure of government the state needs. Mr. Reagan and his running mate, Robert H. Finch promise a revitalization of a state government that is entrenched and tired. Reagan and Finch offer Californians a positive government at a time when competent leadership is vital.

We recommend the election of Ronald Reagan as governor and Robert H. Finch as lieutenant governor.

For Robert Stevens

Torrance voters living in the new 25th State Senate district will have a chance on election day to send to Sacramento a man who has been serving faithfully for the 60th Assembly District as a Legislator.

Robert Stevens, who is the GOP candidate for the newly created seat, ran a strong race in a field of outstanding candidates in the primary last June, demonstrating to Republicans and Democrats alike that his service in Sacramento in recent years has won him the support of those he has been representing. That, to our way of thinking, is a valuable recommendation.

The Press-Herald commends Mr. Stevens to the voters of the 25th Senatorial District. We are convinced that he has the qualification and the experience necessary to give the area competent representation.

Opinions of Others

People have never been equal and never will be. One of the mistakes in some of our thinking and crusading is the thought that all must be equal. Nothing could be worse. We will never all be equal or should we attempt to force all to conform to the same pattern or habits, confusing equal opportunity with individual equality. There should be, still, admiration and respect for those with exceptional talent, skills, and mental capacity. They often contribute more than their share to society and the well-being of all and are the examples we must cite to younger generations.—*Columbia (Miss.) Progress.*

When you read about the new minimum wage law, you wonder exactly what the spenders in Washington are doing. It has been the pattern in recent years to up the federal minimum wage law every time a major election rolls around or a labor czar snaps his fingers. Yet, every time the minimum is jumped, several thousand people are actually put out of work and onto the federal, state, and county welfare rolls. You can pass legislation to fix wages at any level, but you can't create the jobs to go with the higher pay.—*Sonoma (Calif.) Index-Tribune.*

With all the advances that have been made by minority groups for their rights within recent years it is obvious that all is not well. The drive has turned sour, people are tired of violence and some believe that there are some elements who turn their efforts to their own gain. All groups are going to have to obey the law. The only way that any real lasting progress can be made is for both sides to make sincere efforts within the framework of our laws.—*Elk Point (S. D.) Leader-Courier.*

Japan, vanquished a quarter of a century ago, is today one of the most rapidly advancing nations in the world. The Japanese have a desire to excel, they have a desire to create, to gain recognition for their nation. They not only work to earn, they work to produce, for they know there is no substitute for production. In America it is no longer necessary to work hard to earn a wage, or to keep a job, and in many industries, the Japanese are leading America.—*Germantown (Ohio) Press.*

Don't You Boys Know Better Than Play With Fire?



STAN DELAPLANE

The Trick Is to Find One Country and Stay

ESTORIL, PORTUGAL — This is the warm and sunny coast, 20 minutes from Lisbon. If you're footloose, if the cost of living is pressing you, consider this:

I have a beautiful, high-ceilinged room with modern bath in a converted mansion. It's an estalagem — a small inn of 19 rooms.

The private deck where I have morning coffee overlooks a garden and pine trees and red-tiled roofs down the hill to the blue Atlantic.

There's a small dining room and bar. The price for two is \$9 a day — including breakfast and dinner with a bottle of excellent Portuguese wine thrown in.

"We have been planning a Europe trip, cutting all corners, but the cost still seems more than we can afford . . ."

The trick is to find a cheap country — like Portugal — and melt into the economy. Movement kills your pocketbook. The in and out. The taxi to the airport. The tips. The tourist hotel is simply murder.

Base on one place (as I am doing now). Take side trips — you soon learn the bus or train system. Note my base living here is \$270 a month for two. Moving it would cost me three to four times that — at best.

"Do we need hotel reservations in Europe at this time of year? We hate to be regimented . . ."

As of right now, the biggest hotels in Lisbon and Estoril say they have no vacancies. And this is not one of the BIG tourist countries. I'd say absolutely in the capital cities. From there you can reserve ahead in smaller towns.

"We would like to send

some small European gifts for Christmas if we can order by mail . . ."

A new Christmas mail order catalogue comes to you by writing Shannon Free Airport Ireland. The biggest and best of the duty-free shops. They stock just about everything: Irish Tweeds. German binoculars, Swiss watches. French perfume. And they have a new ship-

Travel

ping deal on liquor you could ask about.

"Are you supposed to tip the airline stewardess? We are first-time flyers . . ."

No. There is a company rule against it. (However, I have discovered some Europeans do — particularly executives on commuter runs. (Such as Glasgow-London.)

There is also general acceptance on the airlines that anything over \$20 is a "gift" and can be accepted. Bernard McDonough — (the American millionaire who turned Dromoland Castle, Ireland, into THE beautiful hotel of Europe) — always gives each stewardess a hundred dollar bill.

Asked if it was ever refused, McDonough said one American stewardess "maybe a new girl, was hesitant. She went up to ask the captain. She said: 'Captain, one of the passengers wants to give me \$100. What shall I do. The Captain said: 'Hurry back, and shine his shoes.'"

"After finishing school next year, we (five students) would like to go somewhere and live and do some amateur archaeology . . ."

Most countries don't like to have foreigners spading

Morning Report:

Nobody can say our government doesn't take care of us. We have crackerjack scientists studying everything that bothered us and now we are putting them to work on something that hasn't — flying saucers.

The Air Force has been studying them for years. But Washington feels some of us are still worried. So the University of Colorado has been given a contract to take over because the Air Force hasn't been able to capture one of them. Not even a pilot from Venus who bailed out.

Personally, I think the government is being unfair. If some people want to worry about flying saucers, I say let 'em. We all know that life without a little anxiety can be pretty flat.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Belli Offered One-Way Trip to Outer Mongolia

When Attorney Melvin Belli was about to leave for Outer Mongolia (a trip he was forced to postpone), Pres. Ross Malone of the American Bar Assoc. cracked: "I'll be happy to pay all of his expenses if he'll just STAY there." A rash promise, footnotes Nancy Wagner. She was there last year, and reports that the Govt. travel bureau doubled her bill with the threat: "If you don't pay the full amount, you don't leave." Adds she: "After 10 days in Mongolia, even Siberia looked good."

Bump in the night: The S. F. Opera's performance of "Boris Godunov" was godunov as Borises go. Nobody lost his head but everybody lost his hat. In the first act alone, Police Officer Clifford Grant's beret fell off, Peasant Winther Andersen's skullcap hit the floor, and then Chester Ludgin, as Boris, lost his crown with a mighty "Bong!" After which Howard Fried, playing Prince Shuisk, managed to knock a pen set and a map off a table, thereby winning the Willie Davis Trophy for the evening, along with who-

ever was jiggling the projections.

General Director Kurt Herbert Adler, occupying Box A, was so undone he kept running to his special phone in the vestibule. In fact, he was on the phone more than a football coach in a tight game. His last call to the people backstage was something like "Wotnell's going on anyway?" However things could be worse, and they were — on the night Enrico Caruso starred in "Carmen" at the S. F. Opera some 60 years ago.

San Francisco

Three young men-about-town—Jesse Colman, Jimmy Schwabacher, and Harry Hilp (later to become highly prominent citizens) — got jobs in the cast as spear carriers, so they could get as close as possible to the fabled tenor, and for Hilp, the night was a nightmare. First he got tangled in the scenery and almost pulled it down. Then he stepped in front of Caruso so clumsily that his sword slammed against the tenor's knee.

"Ouch!" hollered Caruso, hopping around and rubbing. Then he yelled at the ANY of this?

ROYCE BRIER

Boom Babies Determine Destiny of the Nation

Most of us have around the house (perused every 20 years) a sort of informal family tree, listing the names of the children of our grandparents, and even our great-grandparents.

It is notable that at least the great-grandmothers bore eight or 10 children, often named Elizabeth or John. But two or three of these died in infancy, or very young, of the group or something, so about six survived to beget our grandparents. These also had at least eight children of whom two or more died young.

In those days, say 1840-1890, large families were the fashion and unremarkable, and no appreciable effort was made to limit them.

In this century there has been a steadfast decline in the number of children per family, though among the economically depressed the decline is not so marked. But the three-child family is now common, and even dropped to 2.4 during the depression.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Abel Details Facts of 'Great American Hoax'

"The Great American Hoax," by Alan Abel, is a funny, lightweight documentary that carries some serious implications under its preposterous surface. This is the story of The Society for Indecency to Naked Animals (SINA), supposedly founded by one G. Clifford Prout Sr. with an endowment of \$400,000 and which claimed 55,000 members. This organization was devoted to clothing animals, cats to camels. The idea was that "all animals should wear clothing for the sake of decency, namely horses, cows, dogs, cats, and other domestic animals that stand higher than four inches or are longer than six inches."

There was no \$400,000 behind SINA, (although the Internal Revenue people investigated it). Through a series of mock serious press conferences, television interviews, lectures and other maneuvers, a phenomenon developed — and this is what makes "The Great American Hoax" less funny that it appears to be.

With the help of some actor friends, one of whom played G. Clifford Prout Sr., and very little financial investment, Abel, a public relations specialist and writer, found that he had a roaring success on his hands. Abel claims he performed this five-year running gag as a way of protesting against American hypocrisy, censorship, and extremism. Many people told him off, or label-

Books

ed him some kind of nut. But many more believed him; they took a second look at their pets, "wondering if animals weren't just a little indecent." Almost nobody recognized SINA as satire.

When SINA got out of hand and Abel publicly admitted the whole thing was a gigantic hoax, many of his followers refused to accept his confession — believing still that a major counterattack on the national moral breakdown might be to put clothes on animals.

Although Abel does not dwell on the point in this amusing (if appalling) document, his pop sociology is an important comment on political conventions, big advertising, censorship, mass neurosis, the Big Lie in the old Goebbels propaganda sense, and a general hunger for extremism in any form.

Abel's book proves that a good many Americans (the electorate) give in to organized madness very easily, perhaps because it is afraid of the nuts behind the madness. Goebbels, the Nazi propaganda minister, proved the same thing: once you successfully plant an absurd idea in the mass mind, it is almost impossible to knock it off.

quaking Hilp: "You won't be here tomorrow, young man, I'll see to that!" NOBODY was there the next day. For that performance was staged on April 17, 1906. A few hours later, the earthquake struck and Caruso fled, never to return.

Novelist Herbert Gold is back from Montreux, Switzerland, where he interviewed Vladimir Nabokov for a Statepost piece. During the interview, Herbert asked hopefully: "Are there any American writers you admire?" "Several," nodded Nabokov, "but I won't name them. Anonymous praise never hurt anybody!" . . . Speaking of names, no mere writer of fiction could surpass those in the recent story about young Mr. Stanley, the LSD millionaire. For instance, he bought 300 grams from International Chemical, whose President is (ready?) Milo Panic! And he bought 500 grams from Cyclo Chemical, whose boss is (lookout) Dr. Herman Plaut! These transactions came to the notice of the narcotics chief of the L. A. Police Dept.—Capt. Alfred Trembley! Do you believe ANY of this?

up with startling population realities and predictions, and a recent one is derived from Princeton study of the growth of American families. These experts are faced with a universal denominator: whenever they would predict, they must predict on the statistics of children born from 15 to 25 years ago. Thus there were Depression Babies (few), War Babies (many) and the recent Bulletin is treating Boom Babies (many). And always remember the 15-25 year lag.

American women now average slightly over three babies. The Bulletin says that were this average to step up to 3.5, the United States would double its population to 400 million by the year 2000.

This 34-year doubling would have "dire effects on the American scene." No famine, but a relentless growth of asphalt jungles and pollution, with the psychological effects of shrinking living space. Yet another generation at the 3.5 rate, and our population would approach a billion: "the American dream . . . would be on the way to becoming a nightmare."

In the mid-1950s the American birthrate began to decline, but this decline is now arrested with the War Babies at the fertility age, and the decline may turn to increase with the Boom Babies. The bulletin says a great deal depends on the "fashion" in family size, and this is not predictable like statistical projections.

The youth of today, whose ratio is rapidly increasing, will determine what happens. There is not the slightest doubt this determination will shape the American destiny, just as the youth of 1900-1930 have made us what we are in 1966.

My Neighbors



"Well goodnight John—very certainly enjoyed your wife's hospitality."